Passage to Iraq

The native military band in
the ordered Baghdad garden

wheezes a standard of Bing’s
from High Society. Too

soon to cast Ali as him,Hasan
as Frank,clicking eggnogs with
some masked Grace. The White

Man’s Burden meantime shreds our
shoulders,but these pink,most-
ly Yankee faces won’t kvetch

to freshly civil wogs peppering
such democratic fetes. Makes

no difference what we say or
do to them,it’ll end the same.